

The Saturday Evening Post

VOLUME I.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 13, 1822.

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CONDITIONS.

The Saturday Evening Post is published once a week, on a large royal sheet, at two dollars a year; payable half yearly in advance—or THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year.

No subscription received in the city for less than six months—in the country, no subscription received under one year.

Subscribers will have the privilege to insert an advertisement, throughout the year, to the extent of half a square, at two dollars additional, with the customary allowance for renewals and alterations. Non-subscribers to pay at the rate of one dollar per square for three insertions.

A Letter Box will be found at the gate (No. 53 Market street) where Advertisements and Communications may be deposited—or they will be faithfully received in the Office back.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

Messrs. Editors,

The following lines, I beg leave to hand you, that they may receive a place in a column of your paper; they are from the pen of Lord Byron, and have not yet made their appearance among the rest of the productions of his prolific pen.

Yours, &c.

W. T.

Start not! nor dream! my spirit's fled—
In me, behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I liv'd—I lov'd—I quaff'd like thee,
I died—let earth my bones resign,
Fill up, thou canst not injure me,
The worm hath fester'd lips than thine.

Butter to hold the sparkling grape,
Than nurse the earth-worm's silly breed,
A'd circle in the goblet's shape,
The drink of Gods, than repiles feed.

Whence'er, perchance, my wit hath shown,
In aid of others let me shine—
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine.

Quaff whist thou canst, another race,
When thou, and thine, like me are sped,
May rescue thee from death's embrace,
And rhyme, and revel, with the dead.

Why not? When thro' life's little day,
Our heads should sad effect produce;
Redeem'd from worm's devouring clay,
This chance is thine, to be of use.

NOTE. On digging near the Abbey of Newstead, (the seat of his Lordship,) for the purpose of making a solid Bath, several human skulls were found—out of one of them his lordship formed the horrid idea of having it filled up, a skull which was ornamented with silver, and handed about to his guests (filled with ale) after their cheese.

The Burial of Sir John Moore,
Who fell at the Battle of Corunna, in 1808.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moon beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head;

And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton hath laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring—
And we heard by the distant random gun,

That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We car'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

Moral and Religious.

INDIFFERENCE IN RELIGION.

Indifference in eternal things, instead of tranquillizing the mind, as it professes to do, is when a thoughtful moment occurs, a fresh subject of uneasiness; because it adds to our peril the horror of not knowing it.—If shutting our eyes to a danger would prevent it, to shut them would not only be a happiness, but a duty; but to barter eternal safety for momentary ease, is a wretched compromise. To produce this delusion, mere inconsideration is as efficient a cause as the most prominent sin. The reason why we do not value eternal things, is because we do not think of them. The mind is so full of what is present, that it has no room to admit a thought of what is to come. Not only we do not give that attention to a fever-dying soul which prudent men give to a common transaction, but we do not even think it worth the care which inconsiderately give to an inconsiderable one. We complain that life is short, and yet throw away the best part of it, only making over to the delusion that portion which is good for nothing else; life would be long enough if we assigned its best period to its best parts.

Let spend their lives in anticipation, in expecting to be vastly happy at some future period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advantage

over any other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come—We may lay in a stock of pleasure, as we would lay in a stock of wine; but if we defer tasting of them too long, we shall find that they both are soured by age. Let our happiness, therefore, be a modest mansion which we can inhabit while we have our health and vigor; enjoy its not a fabric so vast and expensive, that it has cost us the best part of our lives to build, and which we can expect to occupy only when we have less occasion for an habitation than a tomb. It has been well observed that we should treat futurity as an aged friend, from whom we expect a rich legacy. Let us do nothing to forfeit his esteem, and treat him with respect not with scurility. But let us not be too prodigal when we are young, nor too parsimonious when we are old, otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those who, when they had the means to enjoy, did not always choose to do so, and when they had prudence to acquire had no longer the power to enjoy.

AN EXTRACT.

“Life is short; the poor pittance of 50 years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lie interred in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you thro' the tracks of time, a vast desert of unnumbered ages lies open in the retrospect: through this desert have your forefathers journeyed on, until wearied with years and sorrows, they sunk from the walks of man.

“You must leave them where they fell, and you are to go a little further where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, be not dismayed. The universe is in endless motion; every moment big with innumerable events, which come not in slow succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.”

MILES COLVINE.

“I was not always an unhappy man—I had fair domains, a stately house, a beauteous wife, and a sweet daughter: but it is not what we have, but what we enjoy, that blesses man's heart, and makes him as one of the angels. I dwelt on a wild sea-coast, full of woods and caverns, the haunt of a banditti who find subsistence in fraud and violence, and from a continued perseverance in hostility to human law, become daily more hardened of heart and fierce of nature. I was young then, and romantic, and though I did not approve of the course of these men's lives, there appeared glimpses of generosity, and courage, and fortitude, about them, which shed a halo over a life of immorality and crime. I protected them not, neither did I associate with them; but they soon saw in the passive manne, in which I regarded their nocturnal intercourse with the coast, and the ready and delighted ear which I lent to the narratives of their adventures by sea and land, that they had nothing to fear and much to hope. Their confidence increased, and their numbers augmented, until they found a leader capable of giving an aim to all their movements, and who brought something like regular craft and ability to their counsels.

I was reputed rich, and was rich; my treasures were mostly of gold and silver plate, and bars of the former metal, the gain of a relative who had shared with the Buccaneers in the plunder of Panama. I had also been wedded for a number of years, my wife was young and beautiful, and our daughter, an only child, my own May Colvine, here where she sits, was in her thirteenth year, with a frame that seemed much too delicate to survive the disasters she has since been doomed to meet. We were counselled to carry her to warmer climates, and were preparing for our voyage, and my wife was ready to accompany me, when a large smuggling cutter cast anchor in a deep woody bay which belonged to my estate, and as I sat on the top of my house, looking towards the sea, a person in a naval dress came and accosted me. He was, he said, the captain of the Free Trader lying in the bay, with a cargo of choice wine, and his mariners were bold lads and true, had periled themselves freely by land and water, and often experienced the protection of Miles Colvine's bay, and the hospitality of his menials. They had heard of my intention to carry my wife and daughter to a more genial climate, and, if we wished to touch at Lisbon, or to go to any of the islands where European seek for health, they would give us a passage, for they honoured us next to commerce without law or restraint. But I must tell you, that the chief of this band, knowing my love for marvellous tales, hinted, that he had men on board, who, to the traditionary lore of their maritime ancestors, added their own adventures and deeds; and could, with the romantic ballads of Denmark and Sweden, mingle the troubadour tales of France, the Moorish legends of Spain, and the singular narratives which survive among the peasantry on my native coast. To soothe and propitiate my wife he had recourse to another charm; from the pocket of a long boat-cloak he produced a mantle of the most precious fabric, and spread it out before her, with all its rich

lour and Eastern profusion of ornament, offered it as an humble present from himself and his mariners. I need not prolong this part of my narrative; we embarked a twilight, and standing out of the bay, dropped anchor till morning dawn. The captain sat armed beside us; this excited no suspicion, for he went commonly armed, and related adventures of a trying and remarkable kind which had befallen him on foreign shores, with a liveliness, and a kind of maritime grace, which were perfectly captivating. At night we heard overhead the tramp and the din of sailors passing and repassing, and with the grey of the morning we packed up our anchor, spread our sails to a gull wind, shot away seaward, and the native land vanished from my view. “We are free and gladness, we dashed and we sang on deck, and drained cup after cup of the purest wine; while the breeze caressed us, and the sky remained unclouded and serene.”

In about fifteen days the spice groves of one of the Portuguese islands appeared before us, and as the sun was setting, it was resolved we should remain at the entrance of a bay till day-light. We were crowded on the deck, looking on the green and beauteous land, and a gentle seaward wind wafted the perfume of the forest about us. My wife was then in the bloom of youth and beauty, full of health, and life, and love; and as she stood leaning on my arm, the sailors smoothed their rough looks, and re-trained from curses; so much were they touched by her beauty; but this awoke but a little while. The captain was merry far beyond his usual measure of delight, and drained one wine cup after another to my wife's health and mine; he vowed I was as a god among his men, and that my wife was reverenced as a divinity. “But come,” said he, “Miles Colvine, I have a curious and aunning thing to show you, which you alone deserve to see; I got it among the Moors, so come and come alone”—I rose, and followed him, for my curiosity was unbounded; he conducted me below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of wickedness and debauchery partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. “Share! by my soul, man,” said a Scottish sailor to the captain, “your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady a hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever shone.” “I shall share all fairly,” said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, “and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcass among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scottish sawney as thee?” The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk—“Fiend see the my soul in his kettles and cauldron, if ye taste na' cauld iron for this!”

And out came his cutlass as he spoke “That's my hearty Caledonian,” said one of his comrades, “give him a touch of the toasting iron; didnt he give a blow to the head of my mother's own son, this blessed morning, for only playing pluck at the lady's garment. Ah, give him the cold piece of steel, my hearty.” A blow from the captain's cutlass was the answer to this; several drunkards drew their swords, and ill-directed blows, and ineffectual stabs were given and received in the dark—“Now,” said my sailor, laying his hand on mine, to stay me till I received his admonition, “say not one word, for words slay not, but glide in among them like a spirit; thrust your blade, for anger strikes, but revenge stabs, and I will secure the gangway and fight along with you.” I heard and obeyed, and gliding among them, thrust one of them through and through; a second, and a third dropped, ere they saw who was among them. The captain attempted to draw a pistol, but my sword and my friend's, entered at back and bosom; and though two yet remained unharmed, I struck my sword a second time through the bosom of my mortal enemy, as he lay beneath me; and the last expiring glance of his eye was a look worth remembering Ere this was accomplished, the other two were both lying with their companions. I have frequently imagined that a firmness and strength, more than my own, were given me during this desperate encounter. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew below set no bounds to their merriment and shouting, and seemed, as my Scottish friend remarked, ordained to die by my hand, since their clamour, by drowning the groans of their comrades, prevented them from providing for their safety. We fastened the cabin door, and barricaded the gangway, keeping watch with pistol and sword, with the hope of seeing some friendly shore, or a compassionate sail, while the vessel, urged onward by a strong wind, scudded with supernatural swiftness thro' the midnight waters. We had entered the Solway sea, when the storm, augmenting every moment, carried us rapidly along, and when opposite Allonby, a wharf seizing our ship by the rigging whirled her fairly round, and down she went head foremost. Even in this moment of extreme peril, I shall never forget the figure that couched among the

and suppressed to be audible; and the Scotchman answered again. “Lo, look, did ever eyes behold such a sight, all around us the sea is smooth as glass, and other ships pass by us under a gentle breeze, without a wetted sail, but we! the anger of heaven has found us, for on us the thick tempest beats, and the evil-one is pursuing us to destruction. O thou eternal villain—captain, I shall call thee no more—and you!—you fifteen wretches, who shared with him in his crime, make you ready, for that storm will neither leave you nor forsake you, till you are buried in the ocean.” At the very moment when ruin seemed inevitable the tempest ceased, the clouds passed away, and the descending sun shone brightly down, making the shoreless waters sparkle as far as the eye could reach. No bounds were now set to the joy of the crew; they crowded the deck, made a circle round several vessels of wine and baskets of biscuit, and before the twilight had passed away a few only were capable of guiding the vessel. The night grew very dark, and as I sat in utter despair I heard the same friendly voice, that I had so lately heard, say, “Miles Colvine, put your trust in Him who can still the tempest, the hour is come.” In a moment the wicket opened, and the same voice said, “Take this sword, and come with me. If you have courage to avenge the miseries and the death of your beautiful and wretched wife, come, for the hour is at hand, and as sure as I hate sin, and love immortal happiness, I shall help you.” I took the sword and followed in silence, and coming on deck, I beheld a scene which the hope of sure and immediate revenge rendered inexpressibly sweet. The captain and five sailors, though nearly overcome with wine, were seated on deck; the remainder of the crew had retired below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of wickedness and debauchery partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. “Share! by my soul, man,” said a Scottish sailor to the captain, “your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady a hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever shone.” “I shall share all fairly,” said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, “and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcass among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scottish sawney as thee?” The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk—“Fiend see the my soul in his kettles and cauldron, if ye taste na' cauld iron for this!”

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is a fate in all things: it was human form whom I slew to avenge is sweetest when it comes. As we sank, a passing vision of my pretty May Colvine, her mother's image, and her wretched love, and saved too the heroic and the drunken wretches went to the without the chance of swimming and instantance they deserved not to provide.

Courtship.—The most sensible ship which we have ever heard took place not long since. The only child of a gentleman, who affluence, had spared no pains by a liberal education, the structure had lavished upon his son, and, to other heiresses, had a numerous suitors.

“Among the rest young William But never talk'd of love.” He was a young man of worth and talents, which Louisa was last to discover; but he possessed a share of that diffidence usually attending true merit. Their eyes had long ed a mutual flame before he could courage enough to disclose his past. Chance threw in his way a golden opportunity.—They were alone.—After a short silence of some minutes, he faltered—he could not utter another word, but his eloquent countenance spoke the Louisa understood him, and overwhelmed with confusion, stammered out—“My FATHER.”

A SAILOR'S PETITION.

The following pathetic and humorous petition was actually presented to the Legislature of Maryland, on the 20th day of Dec. 1806.

To the Hon. the General Assembly of Maryland, now ascertained in the city of Annapolis.

The humble petition of poor John Clark, of the city of Baltimore, sheweth to your honours while ploughing the domains of old Neptune, having carried rather taught sail in stormy weather, the gales of misfortune blowing hard, he overran his reckoning, the watch on deck keeping a bad look out; he was stranded on the shoals of poverty soon after overboard and made prisoner by the commander of the press-gang, called the Sheriff of Baltimore, and he now lies locked up under the hatches in limbo, to the grief of his darling Poll, and his sweet little crew, who since his imprisonment have been on short allowance. Therefore, your petitioner prays your honours will order the hatches to be unbarred by the act of insolvency, that his fasts may be cut, he again put to sea on a cruise, in hope that fortune may prove kind in the distribution of prize money, and poor Jack be once more enabled to cheer the hearts of his darling Poll and her sweet babes.

And your petitioner will ever pray.

THE PROMISE OF PRINTING.

The number of persons employed by book-printing in the United States is estimated at 10,000—Upwards of \$400,000, were expended by the publishers of Rees' Cyclopaedia; 30,000 reams of paper were used; 12,000 copper-plates where engraved, from which 2,776,000 impressions were taken. It has for fifteen years given employment to a hundred persons daily. It is the largest work in the English language, and the American edition is larger than the English. The foreign books which have been published in the United States within 30 years exceed \$20,000,000. The amount of books manufactured in this country every year is at least from one and a half to two millions.

Cross Reading.

(From a late London Ministerial paper,) “Call you this backing your friends?” The following curious sentences occur in the journals of the week, by reading across two columns instead of at ending to the divisions.—

Yesterday afternoon Lord Eldon entertained a select party at a cheap anchorage in the vicinity of Rosemary-lane.

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The Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, April 13, 1822.

The advance payment for the second six months, having been due for some time, we indulge a hope that our patrons will give us an early call, or leave their respective dues, at their dwellings, and thereby prevent the too frequent use of those disagreeable words, "Call again!"

From Maracaibo.—The brig Superb arrived yesterday from Maracaibo, whence she sailed 11th ult. We learn that on the 5th of March a party of Spanish Guirallas, amounting to 180, from Coro, attacked the picket at Alto Gracia, and beat them in. The Spaniards lost 5 killed, and 8 or 10 wounded—the Colombians none. Fifty deserters came into Alto Gracia, and reported that the Spaniards at Coro, were in a starving state.

While we lament the schism that has lately taken place in the congregation of St. Mary's Church, and would willingly favour such suggestions as might tend to conciliate the affections of the two parties, yet we cannot give publicity to any article that could possibly wound the feelings of either.

CONGRESS.—A joint resolution from the Senate, which has passed the House of Representatives, selects the eighth day of May for the termination of the first session of the seventeenth Congress. There are numerous bills now under consideration, and many must necessarily be laid over until the next meeting of Congress.

THE PRINTER'S GUIDE, as published by C. S. Van Winkle, of New-York, may be had of Mr. Adam Razee, Library street, at the reduced price of \$1.50.

THE SPY.—This work has already passed through three editions, and promises fair to outlive the novelty which commonly attend new publications. It has long been a subject of regret, that the history of our country, and the memorable events which occurred during the revolution, so fruitful in themselves for the pen of genius, should have suffered to pass away, with the great patriots and statesmen of whose renown fame speaks in terms of admiration, and none so poor to do them service.

The Saturday Mail.

NEW-YORK, April 13.

From St. Salvador.—Captain Beard, passenger in the Bordeaux, from St. Salvador, confirms the report that a disturbance had broken out at Pernambuco, between the European and Brazilian troops, and some bloodshed.

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The Maracaibo troops under gen. Hares, 1100 strong, and the Irish legion, 250 strong, took up the line of march on the 6th for Coro. Bolivar was said to be at Santa Fe. Com. Bellucu's squadron was destined to act against Coro, which place, together with Porto Cabello, was in a state of blockade.

There was an embargo at Maracaibo for twenty days, which was raised on the departure of the fleet. All the possession of the merchants had been taken for the support of the troops, and the merchants were paid in government paper, which cost 25 per cent discount.

Markets very dull: produce high and very scarce, owing to the lower class of people being impressed into government service.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

By the arrival of the regular packet ship Columbia, captain Rogers, in 37 days from Liverpool, files of London and Liverpool papers to the 3d of March, have been received.

There appears to be no news of moment. The papers from the continent says if any important events occur, they will not take place before March. The intelligence from Spain is not so late as received here via Gibraltar.

The papers are principally filled with the proceedings of the British parliament, and debates on the state of the country. The ministry have proposed to amend the agricultural interest, by the lowering of rents and the gradual better adjustment on the part of the farmer, of his outlay and expenses, to his production and income.

It is hinted that the King of England is negotiating for a Princess of Denmark.

A rumor prevails that the Bank will at length be induced to discount paper at four instead of five per cent.

Several petitions have been presented in the house of commons, from the Radicals in different parts of the Kingdom, in favour of Hunt, confined in Ilchester goal.

The French Minister of War has published a letter honourably exculpating the 72d regiment of artillery, from any participation in the conspiracy of Nantes. The Minister considers, that all fears of internal commotion in France have wholly subsided.

The venerable Earl of Egmont, aged 85, died on Monday, Feb. 25. He is succeeded in his titles and English and Irish estates, by his only son John Viscount Perceval.

The Spanish Cortes have recently decreed, that all Spanish vessels employed in the slave trade are to be forfeited, and the owners, *fitters out*, masters, and officers condemned to ten years' labour on the public works. All foreigners entering Spanish ports with slaves on board, shall be liable to the same penalties; and all, slaves found on board shall be set free. We trust these regulations will be seriously carried into effect.

Accounts from Paris state, that the Greeks had taken Athens from the Turks, and hoisted the standard of independence upon its ramparts.

The debates on the various parts of the law respecting the press in France, have finally closed in the chamber of deputies.

Doubts are expressed by letters received in London from Paris, that the law respecting the liberty of the press, will not receive the sanction of the Chamber of Peers.

The continental papers are devoid of much interest. An article dated Frankfort, Feb. 17, says, that Prince Cantacuzene was on his way to St. Petersburg, charged with a mission on the part of the provisional government of Greece, established at Argos, to implore the support of the emperor Alexander, for the independence of the Greeks, and to submit to the Russian government the decision agreed to by the congress of Argos, on the subject of the introduction of a monarchical constitution, the basis of which are only to be established with the consent of the Great European powers.

Letters from Vienna announce that great events may be expected in March; and that war between Russia and the Porte appears inevitable; but a thousand letters have said so before.

Mr. Wilmot the British under secretary of state, has denied, in the house of commons, a statement which appeared in the London Globe, that instructions had been sent to the West India Islands, that the ports should be opened to the direct trade of the United States, upon the principles of reciprocity proposed by the American government.

We have seen a letter from Paris, dated 6 o'clock on Thursday last, in which it is most positively asserted, that despatches had reached the French Government, at the night before, announcing that the people of

Sicily had risen simultaneously, and massacred nearly the whole of the Austrian troops in that island.

A person of consequence at Berlin is said to have received a letter from Vienna, informing him that the Austrian Cabinet, dissatisfied with the answer of the Divan to the note of the mediating Powers, has declared, through Count Lubow, that the free and unrestricted adoption of all the articles that compose the Ultimatum of the Russian Cabinet can alone insure the preservation of peace; that whatever be the definitive decision of the Sublime Porte, it was notified to the Divan that it would not in any manner interrupt the harmony which subsists for the maintenance of peace in Europe, between Austria, Russia, and England.

SITUATION OF IRELAND.

The state of unhappy Ireland, continues to grow more and more deplorable. We cannot possibly give extracts this evening, and must content ourselves by stating briefly, that murders, robberies, and burnings, become more frequent every week; and the commission of these crimes continue to be attended by the most aggravating circumstances. In the mean time, the strong arm of the government has thus far been exerted in vain to repress the blood-chilling outrages.

The Special Commission at Cork, had just closed their session, and on the last day, SENTENCE OF DEATH WAS PASSED ON THIRTY-FIVE OF THE WHITE-BOYS! Many were sentenced to be transported. Some of the worst of the offenders were ordered for an early execution; and it was distinctly stated, that the pardoning power would not be extended to one of them, unless a change was effected in the disposition and conduct of the people, so that tranquility should be restored. Three of the thirty-five, were recommended to mercy by the jury.

Disturbances in Ireland.—A numerous meeting of the Magistracy of the County of Cork was held on Thursday last, to consider the expediency of addressing the Lord Lieutenant to extend the Insurrection Act to that County.

A privy council assembled at the Castle on Tuesday last, when it was determined to place the city and county of Limerick, under the operation of the Insurrection act.

The following account of the state of Tipperary, appears in the Limerick Chronicle of Wednesday:

Last Saturday, at so early an hour as 4 o'clock in the evening, a barbarous murder was committed in the streets of Tipperary, on a man of the name of John Shee, from Aberlow, by four villains, who beset and almost instantly killed him with stones—There was a very prompt pursuit by the police, but the murderers have escaped for the present. On the night of Wednesday last, a house on the Fairgreen of Holescross was consumed to ashes within the space of an hour from the first appearance of the flames. The farm was lately taken by Mr. Bourke, the present occupier."

LONDON, Feb. 28.

The Paris journals of Tuesday last, have arrived this morning. On the preceding day, the Chamber of Deputies was occupied with a project on the Quarantine Laws; the consideration of which was further adjourned.

Palermo, Jan. 31.

A corps of 1000 Austrian troops arrived in this town about eight days ago. Public tranquillity has not been disturbed one instant since the discovery of the tanners' plot (conciatori.) Nine of the conspirators have been shot, among whom were a priest, named Villa, and a notary. Other individuals have been condemned to the same fate, but they have not yet suffered.

The French Papers of Sunday are chiefly occupied with the law proceedings on the subject of Bonaparte's will; the case was opened on Saturday, and a large auditory

were anxious to hear the proceedings, when the King's Counsel rose, and strangely disappointed the curious spectators by the following motion:—As the publicity of this cause might bring with it serious inconvenience, we require that it be pleaded with closed doors, on the day which it shall be presented to the Court to determine.—The Court being of opinion that the public discussion of this cause would lead to serious inconveniences, ordered that the pleadings should take place with closed doors on Monday.

M. Dupuy, formerly an officer of Cavalry, and at present merchant at Nantes, has been arrested by the gendarmerie, and confined in the prison at Bouffay, as implicated in the plot some time since discovered in that city.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Feb. 22.—It is said that Prince Hardenberg has received important despatches from St. Petersburg, brought here by Mr. Braccon, the English Cabinet Messenger, who arrived at Berlin on the 14th inst. from the Russian capital.

The following paragraph appears in the *Gazette de France*:—At a masked ball, which took place at Cassel on the 31st of January, the Prince Royal being pursued by several masks, and apprehensive of being recognised, changed masks with his valet de chambre. The latter was accosted by the persons who had followed the prince, and had the imprudence to accept from them a glass of grog. He was immediately taken ill, and expired the next day. The letter of the 9th February, which announces this event, states, that up to that day no traces had been discovered of the parties implicated in this crime."

Rennes, Feb. 17.—We know not what news or what fears can have suddenly filled our authorities with alarm, but for some days past, all that we see looks as if Rennes were to be the theatre of some event. The military posts are doubled; people are forbidden to pass, after six o'clock, opposite the powder magazine; a part of the military force is constantly on foot. The gendarmerie, which does the duty in the city, is augmented; we meet with it every where in the avenues; the public places, in and out of uniform, in the streets, and at the doors of the houses; it goes to meet the carriages, continually visits the hotels, seeks every where for information, and appears to be looking after some individuals which it shows all possible eagerness to discover.

PUBLIC SALE

BY COMLY & TEV.

No. 73 MARKET ST.

DRY GOODS

On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, of 90 days, for approved

A large assortment of fresh impor-

table, &c., a quantity of Domestic S-

ervings, Caskets, &c.

On Saturday morning, the 20th April, 1822,

will be sold, on a credit of 120 days, an extensive assortment of DRY and

other goods.

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THE OLI0.

"Today's the very spice of life,
It has all the flavor."

Old Friend
Was pro-
But now
Who at
He now
Deaf to
The danc-
"Pray, do
"My le-
"You a-

Friendship.
aves that on the trees do grow,
Arouse state much love they show;
iversity? Then they,
rees, in Autumn, fall away.
bath a friend indeed;
pp, he, who none doth need.

Enigma published on Saturday last.

RIPTURAL QUESTION.
it that Methusela, although he
have been the oldest man that
Reigned yet died before his father.
Lady, &

So student West being subject to the gout,
that cracked his right hand while he was
the ⁷ of his great picture of Death on the
brag. House; but this did not check his
arts. So he proceeded with his left hand,
as the whole was finished without any as-
pect of

ANCIENT PREJUDICES.
authorise are read a few old books, and am
yet few display my little learning, as he who
are the guinea is proud to show it. I
herefore say, and relate the anecdote
ous and important, that in China, in
genteel and fourteenth centuries,
gold nor silver were permitted in
ay, but only paper, which was of a
colour, and stamped with the im-
al. Foreign merchants were oblige-
e their coin at the custom houses
ge for these bank notes."

APART always considered Moreau
emy. To beget a more friendly
on, he tried to attach him with the
relationship. He with this design
an article to be inserted in the pa-
culating a report that Moreau was
y Napoleon's sister Caroline.—
rite purposely put this paper into
s hands, and asked him what he
out of it? Moreau said nothing, but
of something else. From this it ap-
to Buonaparte that Moreau declined
er. The relator of this anecdote af-
that had Buonaparte succeeded in
maneuver, he would have declared
self Emperor directly after the battle of
ueng.

"This House to let enquire next door."

thus read Bannister to Wilson—on the
of a dwelling, which had been ap-
ly unoccupied for some years. "I'll
some enquire about it," said Charles.
ill you be so kind as to inform me, sir,
is the annual rent of that empty
e?"—"Fifty pounds besides taxes."
ill you let any thing with it?"—"No,
do you ax?"—"Because if you let it
it will tumble down."

THE WITTY SCHOLAR.
"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a
school-master to a country boy. "Because
he had no knife," was the reply.

Gunpowder inflamed without a spark.
From experiments made in the labora-
tory of the French Royal Institution, it has
been found that if gunpowder be mixed
with pulverized glass, felspar, and partic-
ularly with harder substances, it may be
inflamed by being struck violently on an an-
vil, though faced with copper, and with a
copper hammer.

To the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.
I have taken the liberty to transcribe the
following anecdotes for the perusal of your
readers. Should you consider them wor-
thy a place in your paper, I shall continue
to select others of merit, from time to
time, for your service.

Yours, &c. W. T.

Selections from the Percy Anecdotes.

Mozart's REQUIEM.—The great com-
poser, Mozart, was so absorbed in music,
that he was a child in every other respect.
Like all weak-minded people, he was ex-
tremely apprehensive of death; and it was
only by incessant application to his favour-
ite study that he prevented his spirits from
sinking totally under the fears of approach-
ing dissolution. At all other times he lab-
oured under a profound melancholy, dur-
ing which he composed some of his best
pieces, particularly his celebrated *Requiem*,
the circumstances attending it were re-
markable. One day, when his spirits were
unusually oppressed, a stranger, of a tall,
dignified appearance, was introduced.—
His manners were grave, and impressive.
He told Mozart that he came from a per-
son who did not wish to be known, to re-
quest he would compose a solemn Mass,
as a requiem for the soul of a friend, whom
he had recently lost, and whose memory
he was desirous of commemorating by this
solemn service. Mozart undertook the
task, and engaged to have it completed
in a month. The stranger begged to
know what price he set upon his work,
and immediately paying him one hundred
ducats, he departed. The mystery of this
visit seemed to have a very strong effect
upon the mind of the musician. He brood-
ed over it for some time, and then suddenly
craving for writing materials, began to
compose with extraordinary ardour. This
application, however, was more than his
strength would support, it brought on
fainting fits, and his increasing illness
obliged him to suspend his work.
writing this Requiem for myself
to my wife, "it will serve as a
and this is the result."

Mr. Shallus's Circulating Library,
No. 94, SOUTH THIRD STREET.

MRS. S., in memory of her friends and the public in
general, that she continues her establishment
at No. 94 South Third street, where may be had,
all the latest English and American publications.

In consequence of the present scarcity of money,
all subscriptions commenced after the first of Fe-
bruary, 1822, will be at \$3 per year, \$2.75 for 6
months, and \$1.50 per quarter.—Payable in ad-
vance.

N. B. Catalogues of the Library are just pub-
lished, in which are included all the works.

JOB PRINTING.

BANK Checks, Prices Current, Catalogues, Circular Letters, Lottery Tickets, Cards, and Hand Bills of every description.

Nearly executed at a short notice, on very rea-
sonable terms.

Atkinson & Alexander.

of the month the mysterious stranger ap-
peared, and demanded the Requiem. "I
have found it impossible," said Mozart,
"to keep my word; the work has interest-
ed me more than I expected, and I have
extended it beyond my first design. I
shall require another month to finish it." The
stranger made no objection, but ob-
serving, that for this additional trouble it
was but just to increase the premium, laid
down fifty ducats more, and promised to
return at the time appointed. Astonished
at his whole proceeding, Mozart ordered
a servant to follow this singular per-
sonage, and, if possible, to find out who
he was—the servant, however, lost sight of
him, and was obliged to return as he
went. Mozart, now more than ever, per-
suaded that he was a messenger from the
other world, sent to warn him that his end
was approaching, applied with fresh zeal
to the Requiem, and in spite of the ex-
hausted state both of body and mind, he
completed it before the end of the month.
At the appointed day, the stranger returned,
the Requiem was finished, but Mozart
was no more!

LITERARY RESENTMENT.
Virgil, in his second book of the Ge-
orgics, had bestowed very high eulogiums
on the fertile territory of *Note* in Campania;
but the inhabitants of that city not
choosing to allow their waters to run thro'
his lands, he erased *Note* and put *Ora* in
its place. Dante also placed his master,
Brunetto, who had offended him, in his
"Inferno." Such is the vengeance of
Poets!

EXPENSIVE JOKE.

Charles Cotton, the author of Virgil
Travesties, inserted a joke in that poem
which cost him dearly. His sacrilegious
wit, could not spare the sacred character
of his grandmother's ruff, which he ridicu-
led in a couplet. A stroke of the old
lady's pen, however, revenged her own
wrongs, and those of the Bard of Mantua,
at once, for she struck Cotton out of an
estate of 4000 pounds a year, which she
had bequeathed to him in her will.

FRENCH SCHOOL.

CHARLES KLOUZ returns his grateful thanks

to the citizens of Philadelphia, for the en-
couragement he has received in this city, and
hopes to deserve a continuance of public confi-
dence by his assiduity and attention. He has
opened a French Evening School, at his house No.

173 PINE STREET, for the instruction of Young
Ladies and Gentlemen, at separate hours, in this
useful language. Terms, \$3 per quarter, to be paid
half in advance.

Lessons given in private families and Semina-
ries. C. K. is employed for the tuition of the
French Language in two of the most respectable
Seminaries in this city, where every satisfaction

will be given as to his capacity.

CHARLES M'ARTHUR,
Silk, Woolen, and Cotton Dyer, &c. &c.

CONTINUES at the old established stand, No.
31 UNION STREET—where all orders in his
line will be punctually attended to.

Cloth, Silk Dresses and Shawls, &c. dyed
to any shade or pattern, at a short notice, and at
any moderate price.

DAVID COGGINS.

Jan 19—tf

LEATHER STORE.

ABRAHAM WINNEMORE, at No. 55 PINE
STREET, Philadelphia, has constantly
on hand, an assortment of LEATHER, which he can
dispose of as low, for cash or approved notes, as
can be obtained in the city.

Oct 30—tf

THE NOVELIST'S LIBRARY, Vol. I.

JUST published, by HICKMAN & HAZARD,
No. 121 Chestnut street, THE NOVELIST'S
LIBRARY Vol. I, containing the *History of Nostradamus*,
by Mrs. F. Sheridan, with a Biographical Preface,
and embellished with a handsome frontispiece.
Price to subscribers, 50cts per vol, to
non-subscribers, 62cts per vol.

—Our friends and the public are respectfully in-
formed, that we intend to publish, in a neat and
uniform manner, two editions, 32mo, and 8vo, vols.
of the most popular tales, among which are, Johnson's
Rasselas, Voltaire's Zadig, Almorah and Hamet,
Tales of the Castle, Fairy Tales, &c. Each
will be embellished with an elegant frontispiece.

The object in printing two editions, is to offer a
choice of two sizes—each will contain the same
matter. Some will prefer the 32mo, on account of
its being more portable, others the 8vo, for being
in fewer volumes.

W. M. WALLACE,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Has Received of the late arrivals,

1000 cases of LEGHORN, containing an assort-
ment of Men's, Women's and Children's Hats
and Bonnets, which will be sold by the case, dozen
or otherwise, as low as they can be bought in the
city.

ALSO,

Fashionable Winter Bonnets, White Chiffon, Ribbons
and American Straw do. Feathers, Flowers, Ribbons,
Trimmings, &c.

Leave super black and colored Bombazines,
1 do. Elegant Merino Shawls and Scarfs,

3 do. Naukin and Canton Crapes,

1 do. new style Merino pattern Furniture Chintz,
Irish Linens, Sheetings, and Drapers,

An assortment of French and India Silks, Lace
Veils, Shawls, &c.

4 4 Ingrain Carpeting, 4 4 English Ingrain Hemp
do a new and superior article.

With a variety of other articles in the Dry Goods
and Millinery line.

March 2—tf

THE SUBSCRIBER

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the
public in general, that he has on hand at his

Manufactory, No. 76 Lombard street, a large as-
sortment of BASS SIDE DRUMS, TAMBOURINES,
&c. which he will dispose of on the most
moderate terms.

THOMAS YOUNG.

Feb 2—tf

ITALIAN SCHOOL.

PERSONS desirous of learning the ITALIAN
LANGUAGE, are informed, that the Sub-
scriber intends opening a School as soon as a suffi-
cient number of Scholars are obtained.

Further information may be received on this
subject, by calling at Robinson's Store, No. 86,
Chestnut street.

March 9—tf

THE NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.

SEVERAL sums of different amounts, from one

to three thousand Dollars, to loan on
approved security in the City or County of Phila-
delphia. Apply to ISAAC ELLIOTT, No. 82
Chestnut street.

Feb 2—tf

WALDREN BEACH,

86 Lombard street.

MANUFACTURES and has for Sale, in Whole-

sale quantities, the following articles:—

Cake, Canister and Roll Blacking—Windsor
Soap, and Wash Bars—Pomatum, Ink Powder,
Glass Paper, &c. &c.

N. B. The Manufacturer will sell in Wholesale
quantities only, to Stores, and those wishing to
Retail.

Feb 2—tf

WHOLESALE and RETAIL BREWERY.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the pub-
lic, that they can be supplied with FRESH
BEER and ALE, at the following prices, viz. from

five gallons and upwards, at the rate of 18cts per
gallon—Table Beer at 6cts per gallon,
Yeast, &c.

W. M. STEVENS.

No. 64, corner of Gray's Alley and Front street.

Sept 15—tf

JEHU WARD.

CLOCK and WATCH MAKER, No. 42 Market

street, between Front and Second, south side,
has for sale, an assortment of warranted Watches,
together with Clocks, Seals and Keys, of various

descriptions. Also, Silver Table and Tea Spoons,
at reduced prices. Clocks, Watches, &c. repaired
on the most reasonable terms, and warranted to

perform their former functions.

Aug 18—tf

R. L. JENNINGS.

GIVES lessons upon his system of SHORT
HAND, at No. 2 South Eighth street. La-

ders or Gentlemen desirous of acquiring a thor-
ough knowledge of this art, may be assured, that

from its simplicity, a person of ordinary capacity

will in less than two weeks, be able to read and
write it correctly and expeditiously. Feb 23—tf

JOHN CLOUD.

46 Market street,

KEEPS constantly on hand, a large and
general assortment of Ready made

HATS, which he will sell at very re-
duced prices. Customers supplied at a short
notice, on reasonable terms. Feb 2—tf

JAMES BIRD,

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,

No. 25 north Tenth street, respectfully infor-

ms his friends and the public in general, that he has
commenced the Boot and Shoemaking busi-
ness, and trusts by strict attention to merit a share
of public patronage. Feb 2—tf

Oyster Rendezvous and Chop House.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

THE subscriber in tendering his thanks for the
patronage which has been heretofore

extended to him, respectfully informs his friends
and the community generally, that he has re-opened

his establishment at No. 10 LIBRARY STREET,
immediately facing the United States' Bank, and
that he has annexed to his Hotel an

Oyster Rendezvous.

Gentlemen can be supplied with unusual dispatch
at any hour through the day, with the first rate

Oysters dressed to suit their wishes; and in the

Chop House, with Beefsteaks, Veal Cutlets, and</p